

EXHIBIT N

“Meet the Grahams”

Kendrick Lamar

[Verse 1]

Dear Adonis

I'm sorry that that man is your father, let me be honest
It takes a man to be a man, your dad is not responsive
I look at him and wish your grandpa woulda wore a condom
I'm sorry that you gotta grow up and then stand behind him
Life is hard, I know, the challenge is always gon' beat us home
Sometimes our parents make mistakes that affect us until we grown
And you're a good kid that need good leadership
Let me be your mentor since your daddy don't teach you shit
Never let a man piss on your leg, son
Either you die right there or pop that man in the head, son
Never fall in the escort business, that's bad religion
Please remember, you could be a bitch even if you got bitches
Never code-switch, whether right or wrong, you're a Black man
Even if it don't benefit your goals, do some push-ups, get some discipline
Don't cut them corners like your daddy did, fuck what Ozempic did
Don't pay to play with them Brazilians, get a gym membership
Understand, no throwin' rocks and hidin' hands, that's law
Don't be ashamed 'bout who you wit', that's how he treat your moms
Don't have a kid to hide a kid to hide again, be sure
Five percent will comprehend, but ninety-five is lost
Be proud of who you are, your strength come from within
Lotta superstars that's real, but your daddy ain't one of them
And you nothing like him, you'll carry yourself as king
Can't understand me right now? Just play this when you eighteen

[Verse 2]

Dear Sandra

Your son got some habits, I hope you don't undermine them
Especially with all the girls that's hurt inside this climate
You a woman, so you know how it feels to be in alignment
With emotion, hopin' a man can see you and not be blinded
Dear Dennis, you gave birth to a master manipulator
Even usin' you to prove who he is is a huge favor
I think you should ask for more paper, and more paper
And more, uh, more paper
I'm blamin' you for all his gamblin' addictions
Psychopath intuition, the man that like to play victim
You raised a horrible fuckin' person, the nerve of you, Dennis
Sandra, sit down, what I'm about to say is heavy, now listen
Mm-mm, your son's a sick man with sick thoughts, I think n***** like him should
die Him and Weinstein should get fucked up in a cell for the rest their life

He hates Black women, hypersexualizes 'em with kinks of a nympho fetish
 Grew facial hair because he understood bein' a beard just fit him better
 He got sex offenders on ho-VO that he keep on a monthly allowance
 A child should never be compromised and he keepin' his child around them
 And we gotta raise our daughters knowin' there's predators like him lurkin'
 Fuck a rap battle, he should die so all of these women can live with a purpose
 I been in this industry twelve years, I'ma tell y'all one lil' secret
 It's some weird shit goin' on and some of these artists be here to police it
 They be streamlinin' victims all inside of they home and callin' 'em tender
 Then leak videos of themselves to further push their agendas
 To any woman that be playin' his music, know that you're playin' your sister
 Or better, you're sellin' your niece to the weirdos, not the good ones
 Katt Williams said, "Get you the truth," so I'ma get mines
 The Embassy 'bout to get raided too, it's only a matter of time
 Ayy, LeBron, keep the family away, hey, Curry, keep the family away
 To anybody that embody the love for their kids, keep the family away
 They lookin' at you too if you standin' by him, keep the family away
 I'm lookin' to shoot through any pervert that lives, keep the family safe

[Verse 3]

Dear baby girl
 I'm sorry that your father not active inside your world
 He don't commit to much but his music, yeah, that's for sure
 He a narcissist, misogynist, livin' inside his songs
 Try destroyin' families rather than takin' care of his own
 Should be teachin' you time tables or watchin' Frozen with you
 Or at your eleventh birthday singin' poems with you
 Instead, he be in Turks payin' for sex and poppin' Percs, examples that you don't deserve
 I wanna tell you that you're loved, you're brave, you're kind
 You got a gift to change the world, and could change your father's mind
 'Cause our children is the future, but he lives inside confusion
 Money's always been illusion, but that's the life he's used to
 His father prolly didn't claim him neither
 History do repeats itself, sometimes it don't need a reason
 But I would like to say it's not your fault that he's hidin' another child
 Give him grace, this the reason I made Mr. Morale
 So our babies like you can cope later
 Give you some confidence to go through somethin', it's hope later
 I never wanna hear you chase a man 'cause it's feral behavior
 Sittin' in the club with sugar daddies for validation
 You need to know that love is eternity and trumps all pain
 I'll tell you who your father is, just play this song when it rains
 Yes, he's a hitmaker, songwriter, superstar, right
 And a fuckin' deadbeat that should never say "more life"
 Meet the Grahams

[Verse 4]

Dear Aubrey

I know you probably thinkin' I wanted to crash your party
But truthfully, I don't have a hatin' bone in my body
This supposed to be a good exhibition within the game
But you fucked up the moment you called out my family's name
Why you had to stoop so low to discredit some decent people?
Guess integrity is lost when the metaphors doesn't reach you
And I like to understand 'cause your house was never a home
Thirty-seven, but you showin' up as a seven-year-old
You got gamblin' problems, drinkin' problems, pill-poppin' and spendin' problems
Bad with money, whorehouse
Solicitin' women problems, therapy's a lovely start
But I suggest some ayahuasca, strip the ego from the bottom
I try to empathize with you 'cause I know that you ain't been through nothin'
Crave entitlement, but wanna be liked so bad that it's puzzlin'
No dominance, let's recap moments when you didn't fit in
No secret handshakes with your friend
No culture cachet to binge, just disrespectin' your mother
Identity's on the fence, don't know which family will love ya
The skin that you livin' in is compromised in personas
Can't channel your masculine even when standin' next to a woman
You a body shamer, you gon' hide them baby mamas, ain't ya?
You embarrassed of 'em, that's not right, that ain't how mama raised us
Take that mask off, I wanna see what's under them achievements
Why believe you? You never gave us nothin' to believe in
'Cause you lied about religious views, you lied about your surgery
You lied about your accent and your past tense, all is perjury
You lied about your ghostwriters, you lied about your crew members
They all pussy, you lied on 'em, I know they all got you in 'em
You lied about your son, you lied about your daughter, huh
You lied about them other kids that's out there hopin' that you come
You lied about the only artist that can offer you some help
Fuck a rap battle, this a long life battle with yourself

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